THE

CAVE of MORAR.

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

[Price Two Shillings.]

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IN TWO PARTS.

The Second Edition with Alterations and Corrections.

LONDON:

Printed for T. DAVIES, in *Ruſſel-Street, Covent-Garden*,
Bookſeller to the Royal Academy.

M, DCC, LXXV.

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MDCCLXXV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

CAVE of MORAR.

PART FIRST.

" HERE, EMMA, in this lonely Grot,
" Thy wearied Limbs awhile repoſe,
" I go to meet yon warlike *Scot*,
" Whoſe threat'ning Horn ſo loudly blows:

" Here reſt with MORAR in his Cell,
" Where wild Ambition ne'er annoys,
" For here Content and Virtue dwell,
" Far from the World's tumultuous Joys.

" Behold he comes from yonder Rock,
" I ſee him wending o'er the Plain,
" Where the blythe Shepherd feeds his Flock,
" And ſweetly pours his artleſs Strain.

" His rev'rend Age will guard thy Charms,
" With pleaſing Tales he'll ſoothe thy Ear,
" Whilſt 'mid the Battle's loud Alarms,
" I boldly puſh my conqu'ring Spear.

" See in yon Vale, my Troops await,
" Keen for the Field, a choſen Band,
" Who ne'er will ſeek a baſe Retreat
" While Foes invade their native Land.

" Aided by Them, I'll ſoon return,
" With Conqueſt and with Glory crown'd,
" Then why theſe Tears? Why doſt thou mourn?
" Why doſt thou dread the Trumpet's Sound?

" Such Sounds as theſe exalt the Soul,
" And fit my Warriors for the Field;
" Then ſmile my Love, thy Fears controul,
" The bold Intruders ſoon ſhall yield."—

" Go,

" Go, EDGAR, go, fair EMMA cried,
" I know the Valour of thy Arm,
" Go check yon haughty *Scotſman*'s Pride,
" Whoſe Trumpets give the loud Alarm.

" I know you never fear'd a Foe,
" I know you never ſu'd for Peace;
" Then bravely ſtrike the 'vengeful Blow,
" And let theſe bold Incurſions ceaſe.—

" Yet whilſt thou'rt abſent, ſhould a Sigh
" From EMMA's anxious Boſom ſteal,
" Or ſhould a Tear fall from my Eye,
" And tell too plainly what I feel:

" Can I that Sigh, that Tear Controul?—
" Affection prompts that Tear to fall,
" And grateful Love which fills my Soul
" Inſpires that Sigh, and ſweetens all."—

She ſpoke, brave EDGAR ſeized his Spear,
And quickly join'd the Troops below,
Who march'd along, devoid of Fear,
To meet the faſt-advancing Foe.

With placid Smile and ſober Pace,
At length old MORAR reach'd his Cell,
Tho' Melancholy mark'd his Face,
His Breaſt no boiſtrous Paſſions ſwell.

When beauteous EMMA caught his Eye,
What ſoft Emotions fill'd his Breaſt!
He ſympathis'd in every Sigh,
And thus the lovely Fair addreſt:

" Fair Virgin, whither doſt thou ſtray,
" Along this unfrequented Road,
" For ſcarce a Pilgrim turns this way
" To viſit me or my Abode?

" And what was he I lately ſaw,
" Who march'd ſo ſwiftly o'er the Green,
" With manly Looks, commanding Awe,
" With ſtately Port, and graceful Mein?"—

" Hermit, ſhe ſaid, that gallant Youth
" Is EDGAR, fam'd for martial Deeds,
" Whoſe Boſom glows with Love of Truth,
" Whoſe friendly Heart with Pity bleeds.

" Wilt

" Wilt thou attend while I impart
" By what ſtrange Means he gained my Love,
" And how he won my grateful Heart
" Amid the Shades of MARESHAM's Grove.

" The Tale to me is wond'rous dear,
" It brings my Joys again to view"—
The Hermit bow'd, well pleas'd to hear,
And bid the Maid her Tale purſue.

" One Day, ſhe ſaid, I ſtray'd along
" The flow'ry Banks of RONA's Flood,
" Intent to hear the Linnet's Song
" That echo'd from a neighbouring Wood.

" The chearful Shepherd tun'd his Reed,
" The ſportive Flocks rejoic'd around,
" And from the flower-beſpangl'd Mead
" Iſſu'd at once the pleaſing Sound.

" Each rural Object ſweetly ſmil'd,
" All Nature wore the Face of Joy,
" And long I roam'd 'mid Proſpects wild,
" Where Strangers us'd not to annoy.

" But

" But RATCLIFFE's Son, who long had tried
" To gain my youthful Heart in vain,
" Swift from the Mountain's Summit hied,
" And met me on the lonely Plain.

" He warmly preſs'd me to be kind,
" He told me many an artful Tale,
" By which he meant to taint my Mind,
" But all his Arts could not prevail.

" At laſt he caught me in his Arms,
" And, ſtruggling, ſtrove to crown his Flame—
" My Cries proclaim'd my juſt Alarms,
" And EDGAR to my Reſcue came.

" He heard my Voice, he curs'd the Swain,
" In my Defence his Sword he drew,
" But EDGAR drew his Sword in vain
" For o'er the Plains baſe RATCLIFFE flew.—

" Yet EDGAR ſwore he'd check his Pride,
" He ſwore he'd have a juſt Revenge,
" And oft wou'd watch on NOREHAM's Side,
" Where worthleſs RATCLIFFE us'd to range.

" And

" And ſwore if e'er he met the Youth,
" His baſe, his treacherous Heart ſhould feel
" The Safe-guard of the Soldier's Truth,
" The Point of his avenging Steel.—

" I thank'd him for his friendly Aid,
" I lov'd him for his dauntleſs Soul,
" For while we ſtray'd beneath the Shade,
" A tender Sigh had often ſtole.

" To MARESHAM's Hall we bent our Way,
" Where oft my honour'd Sire reſorts,
" In calm Content to paſs the Day,
" Or Share the Huntſman's manly Sports.

" EDGAR, at his Requeſt remain'd
" Three Summer's Days in MARESHAM's Vales,
" By Feats of Arms my Sire he gain'd,
" He won me by his artleſs Tales.

" My Father bleſs'd the riſing Flame,
" At HYMEN's Shrine, he join'd our Hands;
" And told the Youth he then might claim
" His Wealth, his far-extended Lands.

" But

" But EDGAR, with expreſſive Smile,
" Refus'd the Gift my Sire deſign'd,
" Be mine, he ſaid, the Warrior's Spoils,
" Be mine the Joy thy Foes to bind.

" When the rough *Scots*, with lawleſs Might,
" Victorious often, threat the Brave,
" In thy Defence let EDGAR fight,
" A higher Boon he ne'er ſhall crave.

" My Father granted his Requeſt,
" He prais'd him for his matchleſs Zeal,
" And warmly preſs'd him to his Breaſt,
" When he remov'd from MARESHAM's Vale.

" Now in yon Plain he meets the Foe,
" I hear the Battle's dreadful Sound,
" Hark, hark the conqu'ring Trumpet's blow,
" EDGAR with Glory now is crown'd.

" Watch him ye Powers who rule above,
" Shield him from all impending Harms,
" Hear, hear the fervent Prayers of Love,
" And bring him ſafe to EMMA's Arms."—

" No

" No, EMMA, no, he'll ne'er return,
" (With fault'ring Voice, a Pilgrim ſaid)
" Unhappy Fair, well may'ſt thou mourn,
" For EDGAR lies among the Dead.

" Deſerted by his Friends he fell,
" And left with me this dread Command,
" Go, Pilgrim, go to MORAR's Cell,
" And give this Sword to EMMA's Hand.

" Tell her, when pale Diſtreſs ſhall ſeize,
" When ſhe demands Relief in vain,
" This truſty Blade will give her Eaſe,
" And quickly baniſh all her Pain."

" Give me the Sword, ſhe wildly ſaid,
" What comes from EDGAR muſt be dear;
" Now let me try the truſty Blade,
" I feel Diſtreſs, but know not Fear."—

She ſpoke, ſhe lifted up the Steel,
In vain old MORAR caught her Hand:
" Forbear, ſhe cried, the Pains I feel,
" From EDGAR's Sword Relief demand."

With dread Intent ſhe rais'd her Arm,
But EDGAR's Self reſtrain'd the Blow:
" My Love, he cried, what Fears alarm?
" I've overcome the boaſtful Foe."—

Her Lips grew pale, ſhe wildly gaz'd,
And Lifeleſs dropp'd upon the Ground:
But ſoon again her Head ſhe rais'd,
Heav'd a deep Sigh, and look'd around.

" And art thou ſtill alive! ſhe ſaid,
" Do I ſtill preſs Thee to my Breaſt?
" Or art thou an illuſive Shade,
" Come to diſturb my promis'd Reſt?

" A Pilgrim told me thou wert ſlain,
" Deſerted by thy faithleſs Bands,
" He ſaid he left Thee on the Plain,
" And brought from Thee theſe dread Commands:

" When pale Diſtreſs ſhall EMMA ſeize,
" When ſhe demands Relief in vain,
" This truſty Blade will give her Eaſe,
" And quickly baniſh all her Pain."

" What

" What Wretch, he cried, with lying Tongue
" Told Thee my brave Aſſociates fled?
" For boldly they oppos'd the Strong,
" And *Scotland*'s choiceſt Warriors bled.

" Where is the Wretch who told my Love
" I fell Inglorious in the Field?
" On him this faithful Arm ſhall prove,
" That EDGAR never ſtoop'd to yield."—

Indignant, thus brave EDGAR ſpoke,
And caſt his fiery Eyes around,
When he beheld behind a Rock,
The Pilgrim ſtretch'd upon the Ground.

His Boſom glow'd with ruthleſe Iré,
For boiſt'rous Paſſions rule the Brave;
He ſeiz'd the Wretch, whoſe mean Attire,
From threat'ned Vengeance could not ſave.

He plung'd a Dagger in his Breaſt,
" Let this, he cried, my Rage ſuffice."
When lo! the Pilgrim ſhone confeſt
Old RATCLIFFE's Son in baſe Diſguiſe.—

" EDGAR, he ſaid, 'twas juſtly done,
" For long, too long, I've envied Thee,
" Becauſe that matchleſs Maid you won,
" And gain'd her Heart, who ſlighted me.

" A Spy inform'd me, that To-day
" You went to meet the warlike *Scot*,
" And left that helpleſs Fair, to ſtay
" Till you return'd, at MORAR's Grot.

" To MORAR's Grot I ſwiftly came,
" For baſe-born Paſſions fill'd my Mind,
" But MORAR's Preſence check'd my Aim,
" And ſtopp'd the Crime I firſt deſign'd.

" Then, full of Guile, I told the Tale,
" Which cred'lous EMMA ſoon believ'd;
" With Joy I ſaw my Arts prevail,
" And ſmil'd while EMMA was deceiv'd.

" But You reſtrain'd the fatal Blow,
" And on my Head thy Vengeance fell,
" EDGAR, tho' long I've liv'd thy Foe,
" My parting Breath bids Thee farewell."—

He ſpake; he died;—old MORAR turn'd
Where beauteous EMMA hung her Head:
" In Death, he ſaid, be RATCLIFFE mourn'd.
" For Vengeance ne'er purſues the Dead.

" Unſeen in ſome ſequeſter'd Grot,
" With decent Rites his Corſe we'll lay,
" Where all his Crimes ſhall be forgot,
" And ſoon become Oblivion's Prey.

" But ſee the ſober Shades of Eve
" In Clouds on Clouds their Glooms unite,
" Say, may an humble Hermit crave,
" You'd paſs with him th' approaching Night?

" The Hermit's Food ſhall be your Fare,
" Freſh Herbs collected from the Green,
" And oft, to baniſh gloomy Care,
" Some pleaſing Tale ſhall intervene.

" Perhaps the Tale of MORAR's Woes
" May force the friendly Tear to ſwell,
" MORAR, who long has ſought Repoſe
" In the poor Hermit's cheerleſs Cell.

" When

" When Morning dawns, you may proceed,
" Where liberal Fortune casts your Lot."
Consenting EDGAR bow'd his Head,
And led fair EMMA to the Grot.

THE

THE CAVE of MORAR.

PART SECOND.

NOW, when the ſimple Feaſt was o'er,
Contentment ſmil'd around the Board,
And freſh from Nature's bounteous Store,
The Sage the cryſtal Bev'rage pour'd.

His Gueſts enjoyed the ruſtic Cheer,
Nor were their kindeſt Thanks forgot,
Till beauteous EMMA begg'd to hear
The mournful Tale of MORAR's Lot.

" My

" My Friends, he ſaid, though rude my Voice,
" And moſt unfit to touch the Heart,
" With Tales wrapt up in quaint Diſguiſe,
" Where modeſt Nature yields to Art:

" Yet if a Story, ſad though true,
" If real Grief, which oft I've ſhar'd,
" Can claim a Tear as juſtly due,
" You'll weep when MORAR's Woes are heard.

" Remote from Cities liv'd a Swain,
" Whoſe honeſt Heart ne'er felt a Care,
" Till artleſs Love, with pleaſing Pain,
" Told him that ANNA's Face was fair;

" Told him that Virtue fill'd her Mind,
" And heighten'd all her youthful Charms,
" Told him, perhaps ſhe'd ſoon prove Kind,
" And bade him woo her to his Arms.

" His Suit was heard, ſhe bleſs'd his Flame,
" They ſoon were join'd in Wedlock's Bands;
" And from theſe Parents MORAR came,
" MORAR who now your Ear demands.—

" Sweet

" Sweet flow'd their Hours replete with Joy;
" Such was their Virtue, ſuch their Love
" That Envy's Self durſt not annoy,
" Nor Scandal's Tongue their Lives reprove.

" I was the Object of their Care;
" For ſoon they ſtrove to warm my Breaſt
" With Virtue's Flame, by fixing there
" Precepts the nobleſt and the beſt.

" With what Succeſs their Toils were crown'd
" It is not fit for me to boaſt,
" Suffice it that they ſometimes own'd
" Their fond Endeavours were not loſt.—

" One fatal Morn, forgive this Tear,
" For ſad Remembrance bids it fall,
" Nor think, though now an Hermit here,
" Such Scenes I calmly can recall)

" One fatal Morn, ſerene and gay,
" When Summer's Beauties charm'd the Eye,
" My hapleſs Sire reſolv'd to ſtray
" To a ſmall rural Village nigh.

" ANNA, he ſaid, farewell a while,
" Be joyful till we meet again,
" It chears my Heart to ſee Thee ſmile,
" Then ſmile, nor let me aſk in vain.—

" My Friends expect me, I muſt go,
" But I'll return before 'tis Night:
" Farewell, let Pleaſures round Thee flow"—
" He ſpoke, and vaniſh'd from her Sight.—

" With jocund Tales he chear'd his Friends,
" His Friends were pleas'd, they laugh'd around;
" But ſoon each earthly Pleaſure ends,
" Nor are our Joys ſubſtantial found.

" For near, too near a towering Pile,
" By ſome unſkilful Artiſt rear'd
" My Father ſtood with chearful Smile,
" It ſhook; it fell; he diſappear'd.

" Ere long his bleeding Corſe was found,
" Each Remedy was ſoon applied,
" But ah, in vain, the fatal wound,
" The feeble Power of Art defied.

" Let

" Let thoſe whoſe tender Hearts can ſhare
" The Sorrows which th' Afflicted feel,
" Let thoſe expreſs my Mother's Care,
" And all her dreadful Thoughts reveal;

" When for that Huſband, ever gay,
" Who, ſmiling, left her in the Morn,
" His Corſe mov'd ſlowly on the Way,
" By a few weeping Friends upborne.

" Deſpair and Anguiſh fill'd her Soul,
" Her Words were wild and full of Woe,
" And many a Sigh unbidden ſtole,
" And many a Tear began to flow.

" Long, long beneath oppreſſive Grief,
" Chearleſs ſhe paſs'd the lonely Hour,
" Nor vainly hop'd to find Relief
" Nor ſought ſweet Conſolation's Pow'r.

" I too forgot my Joys a while,
" And weeping, ſaw my Father's Bier,
" But trifling Pleaſures ſoon beguile,
" And ſoon dry up the Childiſh Tear.

" Yet pale Misfortune mark'd my Lot
" With other Griefs, with other Woes,
" Which drove me to this ſilent Grot,
" Where I at laſt enjoy Repoſe.

" For ſoon as Youth with boaſtful Glee,
" Begun his gay aſpiring Reign,
" ('Twas mad Ambition prompted me)
" I raſhly left the peaceful Plain.

" Amid the City's pompous Noiſe,
" A while I join'd the buſtling Ring,
" But ſoon I found theſe wiſh'd-for Joys
" To me but few Delights could bring.

" I ſtraight reſolv'd to quit the Town,
" I ſigh'd to tread the flowery Dale,
" Nor vainly hop'd to gain Renown,
" Where baſeſt Arts alone prevail.

" Farewell, I ſaid, ye giddy Scenes,
" Where Vice with Artifice is join'd,
" Where leagu'd with Folly, Falſehood reigns,
" And baneful Flattery taints the Mind.

A long

" A long Farewell, I'll ne'er return,
" To rural Scenes I'll bend my way,
" Where honeſt Breaſts with Candour burn,
" And Virtue ſhines with pureſt Ray.

" A weeping Parent claims my Care,
" To her with open Arms I'll fly,
" In all her Griefs I'll fondly ſhare,
" And wipe the Torrent from her Eye."—

" Such were my Hopes, but ah how vain
" The Hopes which Mortals often rear,
" For ſoon I reach'd the wiſh'd-for Plain,
" And met, alas! my Mother's Bier.

" To the lone Grave her Head I bore,
" And as I laid her in the Clay,
" I felt a Pang unknown before,
" For *there* my Father's Aſhes lay.

" 'Twas ſad indeed, his Bones I ſaw,
" I fondly graſp'd them in theſe Hands,
" I graſp'd, and felt that ſacred Awe,
" Which ev'ry Form of Death demands.

My

" My Brothers then beſide me ſtood,
" I ſaw them, and I heav'd a Sigh,
" My Siſters came in mournful Mood,
" I wip'd the Tear that fill'd my Eye.—

" In vain each Friend aſſiduous ſtrove
" My plaintive Murmurs to controul,
" In vain they ſtruggl'd to remove
" The Griefs which harbour'd in my Soul.

" In vain Compaſſion lent her Aid,
" In vain ſhe tried each ſoothing Art,
" Ev'n Reaſon's Self in vain eſſay'd
" To baniſh Woe from MORAR's Heart.

" But Time, at laſt, to wonted Eaſe,
" Reſtor'd my long-afflicted Mind,
" Again I felt internal Peace,
" Again in feſtive Mirth I join'd.

" I mingl'd with the rural Ring,
" Who gaily tript along the Plain,
" With ſprightly Notes I touch'd the String,
" And all the Virgins prais'd the Strain.

Yet

" Yet oft the Sigh of Sorrow ſtole,
" When faithful Mem'ry brought to view
" The Griefs which lately fill'd my Soul;
" Sad Scenes, which Fancy often drew.—

" While thus I join'd the mirthful Throng,
" Whoſe artleſs Breaſts no Cares alarm,
" MARIA chiefly claim'd my Song;
" She who could boaſt each matchleſs Charm.

" Fair was the Maid, and ſweet her Air,
" With Virtue's Flame her Breaſt was fir'd,
" Where'er ſhe came, ſhe baniſh'd Care,
" Save that alone which Love inſpir'd.

" With ev'ry Art the Shepherds ſtrove,
" The Smiles of ſuch a Nymph to gain,
" But MORAR only ſhar'd her Love,
" MORAR alone ſu'd not in Vain.

" For oft beneath the Woodland's Gloom,
" With her in Converſe ſweet I've ſtray'd,
" Or thro' the Meads, whoſe vernal Bloom,
" Gay Nature's faireſt Scenes diſplay'd.

" Encourag'd thus, I bade her name,
" The bliſsful Day when we ſhould join,
" To crown our long-expecting Flame,
" And bend at HYMEN's holy Shrine.

" The Day was nam'd, her Sire agreed,
" At HYMEN's Shrine we bent the Knee,
" While ev'ry Youth that trod the Mead,
" Approv'd my Choice, or envy'd me.

" The higheſt Pleaſure now I found,
" I taſted each exalted Joy,
" And ſoon my faireſt Hopes were crown'd
" With a ſweet-ſmiling, lovely Boy.

" MARIA then with Tranſport ſmil'd,
" And oft her Sire a Wiſh expreſt,
" That he might ſee his Daughter's Child,
" And preſs her Offspring to his Breaſt.

" His Wiſh was heard, my Love complied,
" And to her Father fondly bore
" The ſmiling Object of her Pride,
" His Grandſire's Bleſſing to implore.

" I ſtaid

" I ſtaid behind, I watch'd my Flocks,
" Nor were domeſtic Cares forgot,
" I gather'd Woodbine from the Rocks,
" And deck'd with Flow'rs my humble Cot:

" I thought MARIA would approve
" The Ornaments I thus prepar'd,
" I thought a tender Look of Love
" Would amply all my Toils reward.—

" Three Days MARIA bleſt her Sire,
" And on the fourth, at Dawn of Morn,
" She ſignified a warm Deſire
" To my poor Cottage to return.

" Her Father granted her Requeſt,
" My infant Son was left behind,
" Lock'd in the Arms of balmy Reſt,
" And to a Servant's Care conſign'd.

" The good old Man with duteous Love,
" His Child conducted on the Way,
" And by each fond Endearment ſtrove
" To chear her Heart and make her Gay.—

" In a deep Glen my Cottage ſtood,
" Near which a River held its Courſe;
" Tho' ceaſeleſs Rains had ſwell'd the Flood,
" And urg'd it on with threatful Force;

" Yet when they reach'd the further Shore,
" The Sage exclaim'd with chearful Voice,
" Our Cares, my Child, will ſoon be o'er,
" And MORAR too will ſoon rejoice.

" Our ſlow Approach perhaps he blames,
" I ſee him waiting on the Mead,
" What Haſte a Huſband's Tranſport claims!—
" He ſpoke, and onward puſh'd his Steed.

" They reach'd the Middle of the Stream,
" It roar'd, it foam'd, MARIA fell,
" I heard a loud, a dreadful Scream,
" I knew the plaintive Voice too well.

" Soon, ſoon I reach'd the River's Side,
" I ſaw MARIA's floating Corſe,
" While all in vain her Father tried
" To ſave her from the Torrent's Force.

" His

" His feeble Arm I ſaw him wave,
" Have Mercy, Heav'n, he faintly ſaid,
" This, this muſt be MARIA's Grave,
" I can no more:—Then join'd the Dead.

" What Pangs of Sorrow fill'd my Soul,
" The feeling Breaſt alone can know,
" For, from my Lips no Murmur ſtole,
" My Mind to eaſe, to tell my Woe.

" To ſave the Bodies from the Flood,
" Long, long in vain I fondly ſtrove,
" While the pale Virgins weeping ſtood,
" And mourn'd the Fate of MORAR's Love.

" At laſt I brought them to the Shore,
" I laid them in one friendly Tomb,
" And thus, when ſilent Grief was o'er,
" Bewail'd MARIA's fatal Doom:

" Farewell, MARIA, ever dear,
" So late the Source of MORAR's Joys,
" Theſe Joys which once I deem'd ſincere,
" Tho' adverſe Fate my Hopes deſtroys.

" Farewell, my Love, though Death divide,
" Thy Mem'ry ſhall be dear to me,
" Till ſome propitious Angel guide
" My wearied Soul to Heav'n and Thee.

" Farewell, ye Scenes I lov'd ſo well,
" Farewell, ye Shepherds, ever gay,
" For in ſome lone ſequeſter'd Cell,
" Remote from you, I'll paſs the Day.

" Reflection there ſhall dart her Beams,
" In Scenes from earthly Cares remov'd,
" And Fancy oft ſhall fill my Dreams,
" With Pictures of the Wife I lov'd.

" My Parents too demand a Tear,
" A Tear Affection bids me give,
" I'll let it flow with Grief ſincere,
" I'll praiſe their Virtues while I live.—

" No more, alas! with heart-felt Joy,
" Such as a Parent only knows,
" Can I attend my lovely Boy,
" And in his Smiles forget my Woes.

" I cannot

" I cannot guard his childiſh Years,
" That Care, MARIA, was thy own,
" Nor when ambitious Youth appears,
" Can I his tow'ring Wiſhes crown.

" But I've a kind, a faithful Friend,
" Whoſe Heart I've always found ſincere,
" And to his Love I'll recommend
" The deareſt Object of my Care.

" He'll guard his Youth, he'll form his Mind,
" He'll teach him Virtue's pureſt Laws;
" And, like a Parent, always kind,
" He'll give, when he deſerves, Applauſe.—

" Such were my Words, and ſoon I rov'd,
" To this ſequeſter'd Mountain's Side,
" I ſaw this Grot, I ſaw, I lov'd,
" And here determin'd to reſide.

" The holy Hermit's Dreſs I choſe,
" And oft I roam thro' yonder Wood,
" For well this Garb becomes my Woes,
" Theſe Shades befriend a ſerious Mood.—

" Such is the Life which I have liv'd,
" My Fate indeed has been ſevere,
" I've graſp'd at Bliſs, and been deceiv'd,
" I've nouriſh'd Hope, and found Deſpair.

" But now theſe varying Scenes are o'er,
" Content and I together dwell,
" While Health ſits ſmiling at my Door,
" And Virtue's ſelf protects my Cell.

" One anxious Wiſh intrudes alone,
" And need I tell you what it is,
" I wiſh to ſee my darling Son,
" And then I'll die in perfect Bliſs.

" But ah! that Wiſh I'll ne'er obtain,
" I've ſought him at his Guardian's Hands,
" I've ſought him, but I ſought in vain,
" The Youth has fled to other Lands.

" Now bow'd with Age, I ſoon muſt fall,
" Nor ſhall my EDWIN ſee his Sire,
" Tho' mine and ALFORD's Wiſhes all,
" Oft, oft from Heav'n that Boon require.

" He

" He sees you now, brave Edgar cried,
" I am the Son you've sought so long,
" For Alford's Care my Wants supplied,
" When first I join'd the youthful Throng.

" From him I learn'd the Arts of Peace,
" He show'd me Nature's rural Charms,
" But I despis'd a Life of Ease,
" And sought the Fame acquir'd by Arms.

" I left his Cot, I chang'd my Name,
" I fought to save my native Land,
" At last fair Emma bless'd my Flame,
" And crown'd my Wishes with her Hand."

" With wild Surprise, the Hermit heard,
" And thus to Heav'n address'd a Prayer:—
" Yes, yes, ye Pow'rs, ye will reward
" The Man who triumphs over Care.

" I thank you for my Sorrows past,
" I thank you for my present Joy,
" And while my Days of Trial last,
" Let me my Voice in Praise employ."

Then in his Arms he fondly preſs'd
The happy Pair he lov'd ſo well,
While many a tender Look expreſs'd
That heart-felt Joy which none can tell.

11. 7 ; 49

F I N I S.

POSTSCRIPT.

IT will perhaps be objected to this Poem, that ſome of the Incidents in it are not ſufficiently intereſting to merit the Attention of the Public.—To this the Author anſwers, that it has ever been the chief Object of Poetry to copy Nature, and her ſeveral Operations on the Human Mind, in the moſt barbarous, as well as the moſt cultivated State of Society; in the Breaſt of the Peaſant, as well as that of the Monarch.—If therefore the Author has given a juſt Copy of Nature, he apprehends it is of very little Conſequence, that from the Structure of the Poem, the Story he relates would appear to have happened at leaſt as far back as the laſt Century; and that the Characters he has introduced are not rendered conſpicuous, by the Splendor of Riches, or the empty Glare of honorary

honorary Titles.---He is hopeful the Story he has told, is not *altogether* Unnatural; becauſe, though he has taken the Liberty of placing in the laſt Century, ſeveral Incidents which happened in the preſent Age, yet the Sorrows which compoſe the Life of the HERMIT, are ſuch as he himſelf has once witneſſed; for the Birth of MORAR, and the Death of his Parents, are almoſt literally copied from his own Life, and the Incident of MARIA's Death is taken from a very affecting Scene of which he was an Eye-witneſs; ſo that the Circumſtance of MORAR's becoming a Hermit, and the Diſcovery made at the End of the Poem, are the only imaginary Incidents in the Second Part of it; and for theſe the Author can offer no Apology.

SUCH was the POSTSCRIPT ſubjoined to the *Firſt* Edition of this Poem. But ſince *it* was publiſhed, the Author has diſcovered, from the very ingenious Obſervations made by ſome of his Literary Friends, that

that ſeveral advantageous Alterations might be made upon it, without any conſiderable Interference with the general Plan of the Fable.---The Author is of Opinion that no Period can be too late for Improvement:----Accordingly, he has been at ſome Pains to alter and correct the CAVE of MORAR, agreeable to the Suggeſtions of his Friends; and he would fain flatter himſelf, that the Poem, as it now ſtands, will not be altogether an unacceptable Preſent to ſuch of his Countrymen and Countrywomen,

As love to tread the flowery Dell,
Where Freedom, Love, and Fancy dwell,
And, liſt'ning to the Poet's Strain,
Conclude all other Joys are vain.